
Title: JOURNAL

Author:

Day 17 -- Everyone is overjoyed that we have actually reached the northern marches, including myself. I look forward to setting camp and finding treasure!

Day 22 -- We were forced to kill a pair of wolves near the encampment.

Day 28 -- The men are upset that no gold hath been found... However, I remain confident of our venture.

Day 40 -- Finding more wolves than gold.

Day 41 -- Gold. At last!

Day 45 -- Women and children are finding gold nuggets. How exciting! This is fabulous! 'Tis finally paying.

Day 69 -- More have been eaten alive. Wolves. More wolves. Men behaving like wolves. Worse than wolves. They are after our gold. For them, life is suddenly worthless. How could they value a nugget more than its true worth?

Day 108 -- No one can be trusted. Who will be the next target? Hopefully, I will survive and my gold will not be stolen.

Day 121 -- Something horrible happened to Hamlin. He was found with his throat slit and, of course, his gold was missing. This worthless

gold that he hath
painstakingly gathered
killed him. So, this is
what it hath come to...
Goldthirsty and
bloodthirsty bastards.

Day 127 -- I have finally
found a vein of gold,
from whence I retrieved
a small quantity with my
pick.

Day 148-149 -- I lay
awake on my bedroll all
night until dawn, cannot
seem to be able to sleep.
Too many angry thoughts
disturbing my mind. At
daybreak, I rose in a
state of exhaustion.

Day 167 -- More men
are fighting amongst
themselves. I am so
weary. Is this what I
wanted? The encampment
is split into factions.

Now, I will cease writing
and rest by the fire,
gathering much needed
strength for tomorrow.

Day 183 -- Draygan
betrayed us. Who would
have thought it? I think
bitterly of his treachery.
The ship is burnt. We
are doomed. The howling
is getting closer...